
Title: a leatherbound tome

Author:

Set aside the buried light
of candle, torch, and
rotting wood.
And listen to the turn of
night caught in your
rising blood.

How quiet is the midnight,
love,
How warm the winds
where ravens fly.
Where al t he changing
moonlight, love,
Pales in your fading eye.

How loud your heart is
calling, love,
How close the darkness
at your breast
How hecticare the rivers,
love,
Drawn through your dying
wrist.

And love, what heat your
frail skin hides,
As pure as salt, as
sweet as death,
And in the dark the red
moon rides
The foxfire of your
breath.